Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwelles with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Bull. Name it faire Cooſin.
Rich. Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects,
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich. And ſhall I haue it?
Bul. You ſhall.
Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bull. Goe ſome of you conuey him to the Tower.
Rich. O good conuey, conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
* *Bull.* On Wedneſday next we ſolemnely ſet downe
† Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.
Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intentes, but alſo to effect,
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eyes of teares;
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

* *Let it be ſo, and loe on Wedneſday next, We ſolemnly proclaime our coronation. Lords be ready all.* First Edition.

Enter

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected Tower,
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard.
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to deaw,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell vvhere old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouſe gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme Neceſsitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our praphane houres heere, haue throwne downe.
Queene. What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſde thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd, and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildely kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſtes.
King. A King of Beaſtes indeed, if aught but beaſt,

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